

CHILDREN'S BOOK
COLLECTION
LIBRARY OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES

LIFE 2-87-14

JACK SPRAT, His Wife, & Cat.



This one ear'd Cat, Belongs to Jack Sprat.

Batchelar, Printer, 115, Long Alley Pinsbury Square, London.



His wife could eat no lean, And so between them both, They lick'd the platter clean. Jack eat all the lean, Joan eat all the fat,

The bone they picked clean, Then gave it to the cat.



When Jack Sprat was young
He dressed very smart,
He courted Jonn Cole,
And he gained her heart;
In his fine leather doublet,
And old greasy hat,
O what a smart fellow
Was little Jack Sprat.



Joan Cole had a hole

In her petticout,
Jack Sprat to get a patch
Gave her a groat.
The groat bought a patch,
Which stopped Joan's hole.
I thank you, Jack Sprat,
Says little Joan Cole.



Jack Sprat was the bridegroom Joan Coleswas the bride, Jack said from the church His Joan home should ride:

His Joan home should ride: But no coach could take her, The lane was so narrow,

The lane was so narrow, , Said Jack then I'll take her Home in a wheelbarrow.



Jack Sprat was wheeling
His wife by a ditch,
The barrow turn'd over,
And in she did pitch;
Says Jack, she'll be drown'd,
But Jean did reply,
I don't think I shall,

For the ditch is quite dry.



Jack brought home his Joan,
And she sat in a chair,
When in came his dat,
That had got but one ear.
Says Joan, I'm come home, puss
Pray how do you do?
The cat wagg'd ber tail,
And said nothing but mew.



And went to the brook,
He shot at the drake,
But he killed the duck;
He brought it to Joan,
Who a fire did make,
To roaft the fat duck
While Jack went for the drake



The drake was a swimming
With his curly tail,
Jack Sprat came to shoot him,
But happen'd to fail;
He let off his gun,
But missing his mark,
The drake flew away.

Crying, quack, quack, duack,



Now bought him a pig, It was not very little, Nor yet very big. It was not very lean, It was not very fat, It will serve for a grunter, For little Jack Sprat.



Then Joan went to market
To buy her some fowls,
She bought a jackdaw,
And a couple of owls.

The owls they were white,

The jackday was black, They make a rare breed, Says lattle Joan Sprat.

Vastaties I or Heat.



Jack Sprat bought a cow,
His Joan for to please,
For Joan she could make
Both butter and cheese;
Or pancakes or puddings,
Without any fat,
A cotable housewife
Was little Joan Sprat.



Joan Sprat went to brewing
A barrel of ale,

She put in some hops,

That it might not turn stale. But as for the malt.

She forgot to put that,
This is brave sober liquor,
Said little Jack Sprat.



Jack Sprat went to market
And bought him a mare,
She was lame of three legs,
And as blind as she could
tare;

Her ribs they were bare,
For the mare had no fit,
She look'd like a racer,
Says little Jack Sprat.



Jack and Joan went abroad,
Puss took care of the house,
She caught a large rat,
And a very small mouse.
She caught a small mouse,
And a very large rat,
You're an excellent hunter,
Says little Jack Sprat,



Now I have told you the ftory Of little Jack Sprat, Of little Joan Cole;

And the poor one-ear'd cat

Now Jack has got rich, And has plenty of pelf.

You may tell it yourself.



